

PERSONAL COLUMN

Smith Sells Furniture. dtf

Ed Fussell is here from Roff.

Capt. Vaden is up from Roff today.

Sam McClure returned from Oklahoma City this morning.

C. M. Chauncey returned this morning from Mill Creek.

Cotton is being sold here today at from 13.35 to 13.75 cents.

Judge C. A. Galbraith and wife returned from Oklahoma City.

The Texas Department Store is headquarters for steel range cooking stoves.

The Texas Department Store handles only the best cooking and heating stoves.

When in need of first class cooking or heating stoves call on the Texas Department Store.

Something new to eat. Maraschino Cherries, Chocolate dipped, 10c. per box, at Ramsey's.

Just received, a straight carload of the famous Darling line of cooking and heating stoves.

W. S. Sterett returned to Sapulpa this morning after spending a few days with Ada friends.

The Texas Department Store buys stoves in straight carload lots only, therefore can save you money.

Mrs. R. F. Morrow of Granite, Ok., who spent last night in Ada went to Mill Creek this morning for a few days visit.

The Darling line of cooking stoves handled by the Texas Department Store, has no equal in quality or price in the city.

Mrs. W. R. Johnson returned this morning from a several months visit east, having visited her daughters in Philadelphia and Cincinnati.

FOR RENT—One furnished room less than 3 blocks of News office. In same block with eating house. F. W. Chambers at Haynes' Hardware. 3t

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Elrod of East 14th street are receiving congratulations today upon the arrival of a fine baby boy, their first child, born last night.

Mr. Wm. A. Shadburne arrived this morning from Louisville, Ky. He visited his sister, Mrs. W. R. Johnson, last year and is so well pleased with this country, he expects to buy property and locate in or near Ada.

At the Pastime last night Carl Robb secured the \$3.00 cash prize on the time card of 9-10-51. The time registered on clock was 9-12-23. Save your cards and bring it next Tuesday night when another distribution will be made.

Prof. B. M. McCurry, who was recently elected as principal of Sunrise school, arrived yesterday from Mountain View, Ark., and is getting settled down to work. We are pleased to welcome the professor and his good wife to Ada.

R. H. Reynolds, a good friend of the News, was in the city yesterday from near Conway and favored us with a call. He reports cattle suffering in his part of the county for lack of water, and that the situation is growing more serious each day.

Who's Your Tailor?



YOU'D be willing to wait a few days for your clothes if you knew they were to be made just as you want them, by

Ed. V. Price & Co., Chicago

Delivery as quick as from any local tailor, cost one-third to one-half less, and absolute satisfaction as to fit, shape, style and quality.

Spend a few minutes today inspecting our exhibit of Price's elegant Fall woolens

THE MEN WITH THE TAPE
Ada, Oklahoma

GUEST BROS.

MISS HARRIMAN A FARMER GIRL.
A 30,000 Acre Farm Made to Yield Large Returns Under Her Supervision.

Mary Harriman has as keen an instinct for guarding the cents as her father demonstrated in his business career. As the manager of the 30,000 acre farm in Arden, N. Y., she works with an eye to profit. The responsibility of the farm is not new to her. For several years she practically held control, her father seldom interfering, and then doing little more than offering suggestion. Harriman was proud of his daughter's talent for management. They were a familiar sight driving together over the farm, Harriman, as a rule, holding the reins over one of his fast trotters. Miss Harriman cares more for her farm than for society. She is essentially a country girl. Society never has attracted her, and there is little likelihood it will gain her interest now. She is a keen judge of a horse, and seldom gets the worst of a trade.—New York Press.

Premium Day.

The merchants of Webber Falls have inaugurated a plan that promises of good results and would be well for the business men of Ada to emulate. The writer has seen a similar plan worked most successfully in other places, proving profitable to all participants. Below we give a brief synopsis of the Webber Falls plan, which will be carried out on the 9th.

On that day various premiums will be given farmers who trade in that town. As an illustration, the farmer bringing in the largest load of seed cotton will be given \$5 in cash; second largest \$2.50; load from longest distance, \$5; second longest distance, \$3; etc. Other cash prizes are for largest stalks of cotton, stalks with greatest number of bolls, wagon carrying most people, largest number of children, largest family, etc., largest ear of corn, largest pumpkin, apple, largest colt, best team, etc.

All of these things will be interesting to both merchant and farmer and if made an annual event would very much stimulate our agricultural friends.

Big Apple Crop in Washington State.

Spokane, Wash., Oct. 5.—This is something about a big yield of apples in the Wenatchee valley, in central Washington, where L. W. Smith has an acre of orchard which will net \$2,000 this season. The trees, nine years old, are of the Winesapse variety. His holding is confined to four acres of bearing trees, which yielded \$3,365 worth of fruit in 1908 and \$3,500 worth the previous season. He has 120 trees bearing Winesapses, which yield from 12 to 15 boxes of 50 lbs. each; 44 trees of Arkansas Blacks, averaging 12 boxes each; 40 Mammoth Black Twigs, each cropping from 10 to 12 boxes and 40 trees bearing Ben Davis apples, which will yield not less than five boxes each. There are numerous small orchards in the same valley which made relatively good showings, but none so high as the Smith tract. Several orchardists in the Yakima valley also report exceptionally large yields, but on the whole the crop in Washington and in fact, the northwest, is short, though the apples are of excellent color and size, thus making up the losses by increasing market values.

Cotton Mills Likely to Close.

Charlotte, N. C., Oct. 5.—Cotton mills all over the south will begin to shut down within two weeks unless there is a material drop in the price of raw material.

This prophecy was made by president Tanner, of the American cotton manufacturers' association, who declared that the price of cotton is now so high that the mills cannot operate profitably.

SUMMER VACATIONS

HAVE ENDED

OFFICIALS AT WASHINGTON HAVE ASSEMBLED FOR BUSINESS.

Attorney General Will Take Part in Argument of Suit Against the American Tobacco Company.

Washington, Oct. 4.—Washington will soon be in the full swing of the governmental work under the direction of the heads of the departments.

Secretary of the Navy Meyer and Secretary of Agriculture Wilson have already returned, and Attorney General Wickersham and Secretary of Commerce and Labor Nagel are expected by Tuesday. The other members of the cabinet are out of town.

Secretary of State Knox, who spent most of the summer at his country home at Valley Forge, is expected in Washington the last week in October. He will consider the Hankow railroad loan question, and the reorganization of the Bureau of department and will decide whether the United States shall protest against the two treaties recently negotiated by China and Japan involving Manchurian issue.

Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh is at Dublin, N. H., near the White mountains. With the improving situation in the treasury the question of the issue of certificates of indebtedness under the discretionary authority given by congress has been pressed into the background for the time but this together with other matters of financial import will be discussed in his annual report.

Tobacco Case October 12.

Attorney General Wickersham is to participate in the argument of the government's suit against the American Tobacco Company for alleged violation of the anti-trust laws in the supreme court of the United States on October 12. Former Assistant Attorney General McReynolds, who was active in the case in the lower courts, will be associated with him.

Mr. Wickersham has some knotty problems on hand but he has a chance to consider them while in New York. The proposed legislation of a sweeping character to overcome the weakness of the present interstate commerce law, for which a bill incorporating the administration's ideas has been tentatively drafted, the consideration of anti-trust prosecutions, the legal ends of the reorganization of the executive department with a view of eliminating duplication of work by the bureau in different departments, together with other legal problems, promise a busy time for the department of justice.

The organization of the navy department with a view to creating a continuous policy is among the questions to be taken up by Secretary Meyer.

Secretary of War Dickinson is at Belle Meade, Tenn., where he has been called because of the critical illness of his son, J. O. Dickinson. If his son improves, Secretary Dickinson will attend the meeting of Presidents Diaz and Taft at El Paso, October 16, and will accompany Mr. Taft down the Mississippi the last of October. He will take a deferred trip to Porto Rico next month and in December will inspect the Panama canal.

Secretary of Commerce and Labor Nagel, who is due here early this week, will leave in a few days to join the presidential party in the west and meantime he is expected to announce the successor of Assistant Secretary McHarg.

Postmaster General Hitchcock is in Arizona and is not expected to return before the end of November.

He has attended several state conventions of postmasters in the west and will join President Taft at Los Angeles. He will accompany the president to St. Louis and then down the Mississippi to New Orleans.

On his return to Washington Mr. Hitchcock will find awaiting him reports of at least two committees which he appointed with a view to reducing the expenses of the department. He will devote the greater part of November to the preparation of his annual report.

Secretary Wilson of the department of agriculture, after passing the greater part of his summer vacation at his Iowa home is formulating his annual report. He participated in the irrigation congress at Denver during his absence. His report will show the greatest work ever accomplished in a single year in the history of the department of agriculture.

Secretary Ballinger of the interior department, now in the West inspecting the great reclamation works and other projects, is expected here about November 1. Mr. Ballinger will leave Seattle Tuesday next to continue his inspection work in California and other places. It is understood here that Mr. Ballinger will meet the president during this month and will accompany him Eastward.

Durant may have a good football team, but she hasn't got a normal building under construction yet. Ada has both.

BALLOON RIDDLED WITH SHOT.

Farmers Mistook Big Balloon for Advertising Ship.

St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 6.—The new 60,000 cubic foot balloon, south St. Louis, which sailed from St. Louis at the same time the centennial races got away, was literally riddled with shot and forced to descend yesterday afternoon in Northern Missouri. The pilot, Norris A. Hiemann, and his aid, John Bennett, escaped being shot by the ballast bags, hung over the side of the basket. The sand kept the shot from penetrating the basket.

Hermann is not a member of the Aero Club, and was disqualified from flying in the centennial races. He sailed independently, starting at the same time the other balloons ascended. He was forced to land at Laredo, Mo., 205 miles from St. Louis. In the meantime twelve charges of shot from almost as many different guns had been fired into the balloon.

Previous to the flight of the big balloons, a dozen small advertising balloons were sent up, each bearing a \$10 note. Missouri farmers found that landing bags was more profitable than plowing and they lay in wait for them. The South St. Louis was mistaken for an advertising balloon. Shortly after dusk, Monday, the aeronauts were startled by the report of a gun, and the sound of shot hitting the bag and basket. Peering over the side they saw a farmer preparing for another shot. Throwing out ballast they soon got out of range. All during the moonlight night they were fired at, and through the next morning.

When near Laredo the balloon had lost much gas and they had but little ballast left, a charge from a farmer "gun" that came near turning their pleasure trip into a tragedy, convinced them it would be well to land.

JURY PROCURED.

The Men Who Are to Try Dan Scribner Fbr Awful Crime.

The entire morning was taken up in selecting a jury to try the case of Dan Scribner. Sixty-one men were sworn and examined and at 2:30 this afternoon the twelve who are to say whether or not Dan Scribner shall give his life for the death of Lillie Scribner had been chosen, and they are: E. Fishbach, Charlie Grindstaff, R. T. Crowder, H. Duke, Jim Webb, W. S. Brag, H. G. Coffee, R. M. Hood, Willie Roy, J. A. Durbin, G. L. Burris and A. T. Medlock.

High Prices for Wheat and Hogs.

Paola, Kas., Oct. 4.—Wheat reached the top of the market here today. The Paola dealers paid \$1.12 per bushel. The demand was good at that price. This is the highest price ever paid here.

Hogs are bringing \$8 per cwt.

A Correction.

The local in Monday's News stating that F. L. Harrigan had won a fair bride in Oklahoma City and would return Wednesday, was incorrect and we regret that the reporter was misinformed.

Morrows Here.

Frank Morrow, father of young Morrow, who was killed in Ada some time ago, in company with the young widow of the deceased, are here from Granite to attend the trial of Bill Nutt who is charged with the crime.

PROGRAM FOR FRIDAY

AFTERNOON

The Service at the Methodist Church by Home Mission Ladies.

Leader, Mrs. Barry.

Topic, "Parsonages, Supplies and Local work."

Hymn.

Bible lesson, 2 Cor. 4:18.

Reading, "What Does Our Name Mean?" Miss Barton.

Paper, "Our Supply Department," Mrs. Wilson.

Paper, "What Ought to Be Our Local Work," Mrs. Haynes.

Recitation, "If We Understood," Mrs. J. E. Jones.

Hymn.

Benediction.

Every body is cordially invited to attend this service. It promises to be an interesting topic, as the discussions will deal with the local work.

Advertise in the News.

WANTS

Advertising under this head will be charged at following rates:

One insertion, per word.....1c

Additional insertions, per word.....1-2c

WANTED.

WANTED—Cashier, young lady or young man. I. Harris.

You are invited to our New Clothing Store

Let your Fall Suit or Overcoat be a
'Schloss Make'
and get real clothes satisfaction.
\$10 to \$30

**Men's Furnishings,
Manhattan and Emory SHIRTS**

We ask your special inspection of
Emory at \$1.00. All colors, plaited
or plain. Guaranteed the equal of
any \$1.25 and many \$1.50 lines.

Neckwear: The largest stock
in Ada in the most beautiful shades, 25 and 50c.

Everything in Hosiery & Underwear

DRUMMOND & LATTIMORE

"Outfitters for Men and Young Men"
North Side Main St.

Watch Us Grow!

Merchants and Planters State Bank

DEPOSITS

August 23, 1909	\$2,807.70
September 1	\$11,133.88
September 8	\$22,319.02
September 16	\$28,969.89
September 27	\$40,709.13

OFFICERS
C. H. RIVES, President
M. B. DONAGHEY, First V. Pres.
B. H. MASON, Cashier
J. W. DAVIS, Second V. Pres.
Ada, Oklahoma
Your Account Solicited

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IN CONSTANT FLOW

SAMOAN VOLCANO POURS LAVA INTO OCEAN.

Only Four Years Old, But It Is Easily the Titan of Them All—New Coast Line Is Being Created.

In the island of Savaii, in the Samoan group, during an August night in the year 1905 there arose from the midst of a peaceful cocoa plantation a volcano that in four years of its still ceaseless activity has sent forth more molten lava than has any volcano of which there is record.

To-day this flow of lava, in some places 700 feet in depth, is filling up the sea along a frontage of more than seven miles, has destroyed about 50 villages and as many square miles of what was once the most productive area in all Samoa. From Apia, about 50 miles away on the island of Upolu, it is sometimes possible to read at night by the glare of the Savaian volcano, whose twin pillars of vapor by day become columns of red.

Above the ever seething lake of fire within the crater hangs a great crimson cloud, while eight miles distant from the volcanic cone appears a lesser cloud, sometimes divided into many columns of apparent fire. It is but the steam arising from the sea, colored by the red glowing lava that pours a Niagara of fire over the cliffs that the ceaseless torrent of molten rock builds higher and higher every day. The ocean steamers touching at Apia pass within close hailing distance of this dramatic spectacle.

Scientists who have seen the most recent flow say that every minute 300,000 tons of lava flow over the lower rim of the crater; and this not resembling in any way the other lava, but like molten iron spreads over the old field and beyond until at the sea there is a Niagara of fire full ten miles in width. As this molten lava falls into the ocean, says Harper's Weekly, it turns to a fine black sand and sinks, and so a new coast line is being built up in water 300 to 400 feet deep.

This moving molten lake advances at the rate of four miles an hour. As it pours itself into the sea columns of water are raised in steam to incalculable heights, and this, descending in a fine rain of vine, destroys vegetation and corrodes the galvanized iron roofings of churches and trading stations for miles around.

As the torrents of boiling lava break against the basalt cliffs or hummocks left by the old flow cliffs are melted by the heat, hummocks disintegrated and carried forward by the flow to be hurled into the sea, where they explode like Titanic bombs, and this is taking place every moment along an ever widening sea front of ten miles at least. For more than a mile out in the ocean the water boils, and from the crater still flows a steady stream of lava greater, it is said, than man has ever seen in the past issue from any volcano of which there is record.

Never once since that night four years ago, when this volcano was born in a peaceful valley, has it remained for a moment quiescent.

Mocking Birds in Massachusetts.

The coming of a mocking bird to Massachusetts is so rare that even those who have made a study of birds are apt to be puzzled by the unfamiliar visitor. To such persons it will be of interest to learn that a pair of mocking birds are making Duxbury their summer home this year. They were first noticed several weeks ago, when they made themselves at home about a house in the southern part of the town. The beauty of their songs brought neighbors to watch them. In a few days they left the place, having apparently found more to their liking a swamp near by at the bottom of an apple orchard.

Two enterprising nature students spent an afternoon under these trees, and they were rewarded by abundant opportunities for observing the birds which left no doubt as to their identity. Their nest is probably in the thicket of the swamp, but no one wants to risk disturbing them by hunting for it. They have improved their visit to the north by increasing their repertoire and have added imitations of several northern birds to the long list of songs they already had.—Boston Globe.

Unprejudiced.

Mike McGinnis was being examined for jury duty in a murder trial.

"Mr. McGinnis," asked the judge, "have you formed or expressed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner at the bar?"

"No, sir," replied Mike.

"Have you any conscientious scruples against capital punishment?"

"Not in this case, your honor," Mike replied.—Success.

No Rest There.

Uncle Eben—if ye ever visit New York and git tired walkin' around this city, don't ye go into th' stock exchange to rest!"

Aunt Martha—Why not?

Uncle Eben—Gracious sakes! there they charge \$40,000 for a seat!

Judge.

His Ambition.

"Berty, what are you going to be when you grow up?" asked the minister.

"A milkman," said Tommy, promptly, "so's I can go round in the morning making all the noise I want!"—Buffalo Express.

WHEATLEY'S PLAY

By Barbara Carus-Wilson

"Mr. Wheatley."

He shut the door hastily and went back to her.

She impulsively threw her arms around his neck and raised her face to his. Their lips met.

She hurriedly extricated herself from his embrace.

"What utter folly! I must marry the duke."

"You shan't."

He slipped his arms around her again, but she moved resolutely away.

"I must. I shall be sorry for ever and ever afterwards if I don't. It's been the dream of my life to wear a ducal coronet."

"Nonsense!" he said sternly.

Lady Joan threw herself petulantly down on the sofa.

"Oh, you don't know a woman's mind," she moaned.

"Yes, I do. I know your mind is weighing love against social ambition and I know love will weigh down the scales."

"You don't know how weak we sometimes are," she went on, unheeding. "It's foolish and horrid and wicked, but if I marry any one but the duke now I shall make him wretched."

"I will chance it."

Four hours later Lady Joan, exquisitely gowned, went up the staircase at Mrs. Tattersley-Smythe's. She had only been a widow for a year, and always wore white or mauve still because she knew it suited her better than anything else. Her beautiful face was flushed with triumph, diamonds sparkled in her hair, and at her breast.

It took a long time to get up the staircase, but she did not mind, because the duke was at her side. When they reached the top he was obliged to leave her, because of an important debate in the house of lords.

He said something to her in a low tone, which no one else could hear, and lingered reluctantly, but he was a man who always prided himself on doing his duty to his country.

When he had gone, Wheatley appeared.

"Don't come near me," she cried, petulantly. "He's coming to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock for my answer; I can never forgive you for this afternoon."

Wheatley raised his eyebrows incredulously, which increased her anger.

"I hate you," she said, vehemently. "What time do you leave this crush?" he asked her carelessly.

"I ordered my brougham for 10:30. I want to get to the opera for the last act and then go on to the countess' ball. Now go and talk to some one else. A dear friend has just told me our names begin to be bracketed, and one can't be too careful."

They seemed a long while getting to Covent Garden.

She looked out of the window. Everything was strangely dark outside, and they seemed to be traveling with unusual speed.

"Where are you going?" she asked, but no answer came to her repeated summons.

Lady Joan became suddenly uneasy. Horrid stories about people going suddenly mad flashed through her mind.

"Stop!" she cried. "Stop at once. Do you not hear?"

The man looked round, drew up the car and sprang down. Under the chauffeur's cap she recognized Wheatley's face.

"You!" she cried with sudden glad relief. "Oh, I was so frightened. I feel safe now you're here. But why are you driving my brougham? Where are you taking me? Surely it is some trick."

"Lady Joan," he answered quietly. "I told you this afternoon you should not marry the duke."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Are you running away with me?"

"Something rather like it."

"How dare you?" she cried passionately. "How dare you!"

"A man dares anything when he loves as I do. I love you with my whole soul," he went on boldly. "I would do or dare anything to win you. I hoped if I could get you away alone somewhere you might listen to me before you promised the duke."

"How dare you," she said again.

"Lady Joan," he answered coolly, "I dare anything, as I have told you."

"You are very cruel," and there was a sob in her voice. "You think you will compromise me and the duke will bear and won't marry me."

"Upon my soul I had no such thought," he said hoarsely. "Shall I take you home or to the countess' ball?" he asked in a low tone.

"Home at once," she answered.

"He closed the window, mounted the driver's seat, turned the car round and drove back to town.

When the brougham stopped in Park street, Lady Joan sprang lightly out and ran up the steps without speaking; but when she reached the top she looked back anxiously.

"Aren't you coming in?"

"I think not."

He stood and watched her until the door opened, then bared his head and walked quickly away.

All the next day and the next and the next Lady Joan was watching and waiting for a visitor who never came.

At last she could bear it no longer and sent a messenger boy with a note to Wheatley's chambers:

"I have refused the duke."

The Return of The Fischer

By Barbara Carus-Wilson

Mrs. Waldvogel had not finished her third cup of afternoon coffee when Mrs. Fischer came in. Four months before Mrs. Fischer had said farewell to all of her friends, for she was returning to Germany to live in peace, comfort, quiet and comparative luxury after years of hard work in America. Mrs. Waldvogel asked no questions. Like a sensible woman she poured a cup of coffee and cut some cake for the unexpected guest. Then Mrs. Fischer explained, without being pressed, and she spoke in English, though German came more natural to her.

"Why should I not show my face to thee?" she went on. "Am I not pretty? Sidi-Malik told me that thou couldst picture all things that are in heaven and earth, except those we do not see—Allah the Most Gracious and the djinns. I want thee to make a picture of my father."

"Is not thy father dead?" he gasped.

"He is dead," she answered gravely.

"Then how can I make a picture of him? I never saw his face."

The thought of what the old ruffian must have been like made him laugh. But it all entered into Dielema's calculations. She added quietly:

"Then if thou canst do no more than paint pictures of living things I would fain have thee make a likeness of myself. Sidi-Malik told me that he

wanted to be more sightly than a camel?"

"Of a truth thou art beautiful," he admitted—and she looked pleased; she had been trying to force the acknowledgement for quite a while—but does not the Koran forbid the making of pictures of living men, women and animals?"

"Even so," she retorted. "The Persians are Moslem, too, are they not?

In Syria, I saw Persian soffars make pictures of men, devils and lions on brass trays with a chisel."

"Then they were breaking the commands."

"Perhaps they were. Still, Allah will forgive our sins in the future as he forgave in the past. Couldst thou not make a picture of me if I were dead? Then where is the difference? Why should a man, who can gaze on a

"choice fruit on ice."

The Best Cigars & Tobacco

F. C. HOLMAN, Proprietor

Central Main St. North Side

The Artist and the Law

By Barbara Carus-Wilson

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The Best Cigars & Tobacco

F. C. HOLMAN, Proprietor

Central Main St. North Side

Ada French Dry Cleaning Works For Best Results

CLOTHES CLEANED BY MACHINERY.

We call for and deliver your clothes.

All work guaranteed. Located 1st door west of 12th Street Market.

Phone 342

COMMERCIAL CAFE AMERICAN PLAN

What you want.

The way you want and

When you want.

FINE DINNERS SHORT ORDERS OYSTERS

Choice Fruits on Ice.

The Best Cigars & Tobacco

F. C. HOLMAN, Proprietor

Central Main St. North Side

Church Directory

"EVERY BOY AND GIRL IN SUNDAY SCHOOL AND EVERYBODY AT CHURCH."

Asbury Methodist Church.

Preaching every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock and evening at 7:45 except the second Sunday. No service at all that day.

Sunday school at 9:45, T. W. Robison, superintendent.

Junior League at 3 p. m. with John Beard, superintendent.

Woman's Home Mission 1s and 3rd Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

C. C. BARNHARDT, Pastor.

First Presbyterian Church.

Sunday School at 9:45 a. m. J. T. Higgins, superintendent. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8:00 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

J. O. NEEDHAM, Pastor.